

Carnot Loved Rectilinear Forms. Faure Preferred Rich Contours. Loubet Favoured Modest Proportions. Fallieres Likes Swelling Pots.

PARIS, May 2.
What could he answer?
His old French eye softened as he looked down on the innocent face of the fair young queen.

nothing is too good for the daughter of France's faithful old friend Edward VIII. But perhaps I had better tell you what it is all about.
The President of the French Republic, whose seven year term ends next year, is stout, heavy, inactive, excessively good and kindly, but enmeshed in his ease. His ideal is four guests, the luscious south of France cookery—and unbutton your collar at the third course.
President Fallieres hates social pomp, loves simplicity, and entertains the least

republic has prepared these gifts for royalty and the beautiful objects stand ready and waiting on the shelf; but it is the President who decides in his discretion whether and when they shall be taken down and packed in his baggage and for what destination. Even here tradition indicates in a vague way that there should be an occasion—such as a royal visit.

Presidents and Vases.
Some Presidents have given too little, such as Thiers, Grévy and possibly Loubet. Other Presidents have given too much, like Felix Faure.
And here is a curious phenomenon. Touching Sévres vases, each of the Presidents seems to have chosen vases of forms, tints and decorative motifs not out of harmony with his personal physique. President Carnot, at heart a Polytechnician, loved equally to adorn the Elysée and gratify royalties with vases of rectilinear forms and decorations approaching nearest to geometrical truth, as illustrated in the Etruscan genre. Opulent and worldly, pompous and aspiring, Felix Faure preferred a vase of rich contours, high form and Regency

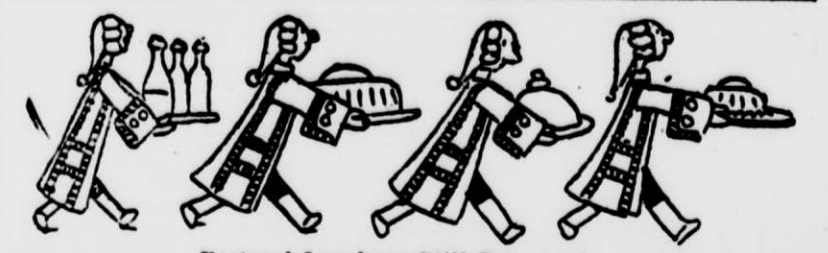
manufactures of tapestry, furniture, cut glass and porcelain. The most famous that survive to modern times are at Sévres and the Gobelins.
At the Gobelins they originally made all kinds of precious furniture for the royal palaces and châteaux. The Gobelins family, who gave their name to that little quarter of Paris, had nothing to do with it; they actually became immortal through tapestry without having ever woven a square inch of it. They were simply dyers, and having, after three generations, made a fortune, they bought titles, retired and left their name to the quarter by the little River Bièvre, itself called "the river of the Gobelins" and noted because it was especially favorable to dyeing.
King Louis XIV. bought up their dyeing factory and united it in all his royal tapestry workers previously scattered about Paris, added dyers, gilders, joiners, cabinet makers, painters, carvers, moulders, &c., under the title of Royal Manufacture of Crown Furniture, and the particular direction of two famous artists, Charles Lebrun and Mignard.
Sévre was built up in the same way by King Louis XV., from the scattered

series of tapestries to furnish the bare walls of his palace.
A Hint From Royalty.
The smallest king to whom old Louis XIV. ever presented an entire series of his

So, too, with Sévres porcelain. Sévres is sold to the public, yet many precious reproductions, and certain beautiful experiments, are held back for the French State—or put on the shelf for royalty. The queens know it. Queen Louise of

enthusiastic little girls ran offering him the national flower, to his arrival in the Hague palace, when the Prince Consort whispered: "Did you bring it?" only happy, smiling faces reflected the frank partiality of the fair young queen.

"I have named two new tulips for you," were the first impulsive words of Wilhelmina. "Please excuse me just a moment." Wilhelmina disappeared, but returned in a jiffy, dressed in national costume, and bearing a Sévres teapot.
"Do you recognize it?" she smiled. "It belongs to the set you sent me on my birthday."
The good French President was much embarrassed.
"Why did I make it a tea set?" he murmured interiorly. "How can I ever swallow it?"
Monsieur Fallieres does not like tea, but the tact of queens is delicate.
"One moment," and Wilhelmina disappeared again. She came back with a chubby gray Dutch jug.
"That's something like," smiled the good President.



Pastoral Luncheon Still Preserved.

"Yes, dare," murmured the young Queen.
No one criticises President Fallieres for these large ways with queens. On the contrary the republic considers itself lucky to have had a chief whose tastes run so gracefully, and whose tact helps to make France popular abroad in exactly those sensitive spots where a republic

possible, on the edge of the protocol. Yet President Fallieres has always made one social exception. He likes queens.
An Admirer of Queens.
He cannot resist young queens. Every few months he gives way to temptation; he simply must pay a visit to one or else have one come to Paris.
The Presidential train rushes over hill and dale. Past frontiers it dashes, as if Presidential ardor rather than mere steam were driving it. At his destination M. Fallieres is met by smiling Ministers because their Queen is smiling in the palace.
Why?
Because just as M. Fallieres likes queens so queens like M. Fallieres. They are eager to receive and repay his visits.
It is a charming phenomenon. President Fallieres has not a drop of noble blood in his veins according to his published pedigree. His companions have been plain men, politicians. He is elephantine, wheezy, rheumatic, slow moving, without gayety or sportive graces to distract a princess. Yet a certain attractive something deep back in his nature gives him the craving and the tact to interest these proud ones of the earth.

As soon as President Fallieres announces a coming visit to a queen she goes about the palace singing. She is transformed. You would scarcely know her. From the throne room to the donjon, from the banquet hall to the boudoir she trips, hunting the right position for it.
Why?
Why, the new Gobelins tapestry. Life is complicated and gifts never hurt friendship; on the contrary. Queens particularly delight in such rare and beautiful objects as tapestries. They can surely buy and President Fallieres invariably arrives with a package. In Parisian argot he "illuminates" or "lights up."
It costs him nothing, yet none but him can give it.



Fallieres Doesn't Like Tea.



Wilhelmina Smiled.

has few friends. A queen can be a powerful factor on the European chessboard.
So it is considered a good thing that President Fallieres has taken more interest in the national manufactures than any of his predecessors. Recently, at the Gobelins, when he persuaded them to put "The Harvest" on the looms again the director smiled in his beard. And when he suggested to the Sévres people

that they make half a dozen reproductions of a certain Louis XVI. vase called "Pompe and the Puizal" in tender bits of sky blue, pale green, rose and pale gold they whispered, laughingly: "The first ones will be for young Queen Maud when she comes to Paris. Well,



Queens Powerful Factors on European Chessboard.

Not all the wild creatures and tame animals submit quietly to destruction. Some of the big swamp bulls, for example, when the flood comes through the levees go swimming off across the bottoms headed for Crowley's Ridge. They swim for miles through the cane brakes and unerringly apparently through the thick timber. They charge up out of the water on the good land and the water falling from their lean flanks and blowing from their nostrils, red eyed and tossing their horns with indignation.

It is a gift of the French Republic, but the President alone decides its destination. In legal jargon it might be called a power of appointment to particulars of a class.
For example, the President may not hand the package to you or me. "The



Through the Avenues of Paris They Sped.

decoration. President Loubet, on the contrary, was all for modest proportions, effaced colors and uncertain design resembling the soft, intricately mingled half tones of his Montmartre noisat. President Fallieres prefers, in his heart, a portly, swelling, chubby Chinese pot or potiche, whose exuberant decoration is toned down by a discreet predominating tint, as of rich Loulouille wine-les.
Once Felix Faure gave with truly royal indiscretion. On the memorable visit of the Czarina to Paris she admired an ancient Gobelins tapestry of the famous "Seasons" series, which was reproduced in its entirety only six times in the whole reign of Louis XIV. Even the State does not possess an entire series and this piece of "The Vintage," hanging in the large, private salon of the Elysée, was valued at \$180,000.
"What happens that it pleases your Majesty?" replied the gallant Felix Faure. "I shall have it packed and sent immediately to you at St. Petersburg."

Treasure for Czarina.
It was almost the right thing for him to say and do—except that he should have said "put on the looms," instead of "packed." "I shall have it put on the looms immediately for your Majesty," would be the limit of his rights. It would mean that the same Gobelins manufacture of the French State would execute a sister piece, more than a copy, although modern, of the old "Vintage" which the Czarina had admired.

The original he had no right to give, even to a Czarina. This not so much because of its value—a single modern copy might cost \$50,000—but for patriotic, sentimental and artistic reasons. The French State must keep its ancient originals.
Yet Felix Faure sent the original to St. Petersburg, and a copy now takes its place in the State furniture lists. It made a stir at the time, but the Czarina did not read the papers and she never sent the precious antique back.
Such are the royal traditions inherited by the French Republic. The old kings interested themselves in certain splendid

royal porcelain makers of St. Cloud and Vincennes.
The royal furniture making soon ceased. The royal glassware had ceased under Louis XIII. But Gobelins tapestries and Sévres porcelains continued to be royal and national products of world renown, growing ever more famous through revolution, republic, empire, restoration, second empire and republic, down to the present moment.

They formed the special gifts of great kings. Little kings could not afford such things. The Czar Peter I., visiting Fontainebleau, unpacked barbaric gifts for Louis XV., chiefly furs and mount jewels. In return the magnificent French king gave Peter the "Hunts of Louis XV."



President Fallieres Hates Society.

own "History" tapestries was the father-in-law to be. His then infant grandson, Stanislas of Poland, No one knows what has become of them. They may hang hidden in some obscure Russian chateau. Their value to-day would be millions.
Private families who were rich enough could always have Gobelins executed on order—always a good investment. But also, it was always much cheaper to patronize Beauvais or any of half a dozen non-State tapestry works. In old days even small, well furnished houses needed tapestries. Plaster was unknown, wall paper non-existent, and some kind of warm, bright colored stuff must hang on the walls of every room for warmth, dryness, comfort and beauty.
And so to-day, when tapestries have become the wall decoration only of the rich, the modern Gobelins—though a State concern—make tapestries for private parties who can pay great prices, or sell certain stock on hand at prices much less. In spite of this, however, and as in old times, the Gobelins work most for the French State, making splendid hangings for prefectures, municipalities, State

libraries, museums and palaces. And still, as in old times, the chief of the French State has it in his gift to cheer a queen with a woven picture of colors, great and splendid, to light up her wall.
This Won a Dinner Set.
When the queen is young and lovely she can get almost anything out of the gallant President. Young Queen Maud of Norway is an excellent creature. Wilhelmina of Holland is royally handsome. Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians is a beauty of the first class, while Queen Elena of Italy completes a four of a kind which the earnest Poincaré recently declared ought to beat four aces.
M. Fallieres had been asking his advice. "Go ahead," said Poincaré. "Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians is a Bavarian belle of such laughing blond charms that the President, taking tea with her at Laeken, found himself utterly without defence. He had brought his package with him. It contained a splendid little Gobelins reproduction of the suite of 'The Loves of the Gods' tapestries, originally designed by Roucher.
"Charming!" gurgled Queen Elizabeth. "Just what I was wishing for. How could you know it? In you know, dear President, it makes me think of when I was a little girl at home in Bavaria. There was a wonderful set of Sévres porcelain, a breakfast set given by Napoleon III. to grandma, imperial blue with arabesques of bronzed gold. Does Sévres still make such lovely things?"
"What could the kindly old queen fancy reply? He made a memorandum for a dinner set."
On his visit to Holland President Fallieres was genuinely touched. From the moment of his disembarkment, when



Happy Little Girls Offered Flowers.

not think that I was hinting? My teas are so crowded. I often have two dozen."

At the Gobelins he explains why even modern tapestries are so expensive—it is all handwork of slow, laborious artists. Only the richest have pieces executed on order. The average customer is glad to choose from pieces already finished such as may be offered for sale.
"Is such a piece as this for sale?" inquires the lovely queen. She points to an expensive tapestry.
"No one would want it by itself," explains the poor President hurriedly. There are some big jobs that even M. Fallieres dreads to start. "This is being made merely to complete the old eighteenth century set for the prefecture of Bordeaux, which already possesses the three others: 'Venus,' 'Ceres' and 'Bacchus.'"
"Is charming," murmurs the queen pensively. She means that the whole set would be charming.
"Not so charming as the 'Four Seasons' of Boucher, which I desire the National Manufacture to put on the looms again," he rattles on. "The Prince of X. was offered \$400,000 for his set of four originals by a New York millionaire, or \$200,000 for the 'Pleasures of Sugar' alone."
"Did he take it?"
"No. He said, 'I prefer my Bouchers!'"
"So would I!" exclaims the young queen, looking up with innocent great eyes. And the trick is done.
She is sure that some day shortly, before his term is up in 1915, she will see her good old friend President Fallieres arriving at the palace with those copies of the "Four Seasons" under his arm.

FLOODS KILL COUNTLESS GAME ANIMALS

Countless animals and birds have been destroyed during the Mississippi River floods this year. In the St. Francis bottoms, from Cairo, Ill., to Helena, Ark., the deer and the prairie dogs were driven to Crowley's ridge, where hundreds of them were killed by negroes and white hunters. The Yazoo bottom, inundated when the great levees above Vicksburg gave way, was the scene of unnumbered tragedies on the knolls and ridges, where hogs, deer and cattle shared a common fate.
Not only have deer been drowned, but all the other animals of the bottoms are caught by the overflow. Thus the wild turkeys have been decimated. The ducks and geese in the tramps, to which they flow for refuge, and thousands starved till from weakness they toppled into the water and drowned. In addition, hundreds ranging the bottoms in their dignified led hundreds of the birds.
Men have been taken through the over- for report strange spectacles in the game land. There are Indian mounds in the bottoms and on these are deer, and hogs so thick that they crowd one another off.

get on the levee and wander back and forth, hardly making way for the men they meet. In the knolls where the animals take refuge it often happens that there is not any land above the water. Here the cattle and deer stand knee deep in the water. Men paddle among them, putting the numbed deer on the head with their hands, pushing the half wild cattle of the swamps to one side.
One by one the weaker animals roll over and drown. The survivors pay no attention to the tragedy, but wait their turn. When the water falls sometimes there are no survivors on the ridge, starvation having lasted too long.
Not all the wild creatures and tame animals submit quietly to destruction. Some of the big swamp bulls, for example, when the flood comes through the levees go swimming off across the bottoms headed for Crowley's Ridge. They swim for miles through the cane brakes and unerringly apparently through the thick timber. They charge up out of the water on the good land and the water falling from their lean flanks and blowing from their nostrils, red eyed and tossing their horns with indignation.
Rabbits, which are all lowlands swim well, perch themselves on floating drift and logs,

Sometimes twenty or thirty of the animals are found on one log. Driven by hunger they swim hither and yon and manage to subsist if they can find green stuff in the drift piles on which they take refuge. In the overflow this year tens of thousands were drowned. Wildcats, which are good swimmers on occasions, take refuge on the drift piles and logs and do not lack for food because rabbits and other ground animals are always plentiful.
Hunters kill many bears, panthers, wildcats, wolves and other animals desired for their hides. Just as hunters in the deep snow chase the floundering deer and kill them, swampland pot hunters kill deer and turkeys and other game. Bears swim till they find a broad backed log and there perch waiting till the flood goes by. Driven by hunger, they go foraging around in the water, and hunters kill many of them. But many more bears are killed than the hunters get. The lean animals, badly wounded or killed, tumble into the water and sink.
This not hunting of the flood driven game is not without its dangers, for a lean and hungry bear is always in bad temper, and if a man in a boat approaches through the dense cane the animal is

likely to charge and sweep the raider into the water. Col. Sibbey at the mouth of White River was crossing a tunc brake about fifteen feet deep with water when a bear charged his dugout canoe, and upset him. He managed to shoot the animal but nearly lost his life in the struggle.
People in the swamps say that there never was such a cleanout of the game as this year. The deer drowned number tens of thousands and some of the most famous hunting territories were wiped clean of deer, bears, panthers and other thicket game. The devastation to human interests has been so great, however, that this phase of the floods has received scant attention except from sportsmen.
About the only game that has not suffered are geese and ducks. The great overflows and the distress of humanity have resulted in less spring shooting for market and for feathers than in many years. Tens of thousands of birds are killed for their feathers in the valley every year, but there were fewer feathers taken by the pillow makers than ever before at this time of the year, for the pillow hunters were all fighting for their own lives or property.
Trappers of coon, possum, mink, muskrat, otter and other bottom land furbearers say that these animals will not suffer much from the overflow, since the coons and possums live in trees all indefinitely on their own fat, while muskrats and mink and otters, all white animals, find plenty to eat in the debris and drift of the floods.

RIVERS MADE TO YIELD 1,500,000 HORSE POWER

Continued from Eighth Page.
The little ones are subjected to the invisible field of magnetic currents which have already shown a strange and startling power of beneficial force. Perhaps some of this electrical energy brought into being through the falling waters of the Southern rivers may be used in this way.
Lifting the Woolworth Building.
New Yorkers have seen the skyline of their buildings going ever higher, and each surprising achievement has been scarcely more than a seven days wonder the promise of a taller structure made a stronger appeal to the imagination. Just how long this rivalry skyward will continue is a matter for speculation, but there is no room for argument over the present surpassing proportions of the beautiful Woolworth Building as it progresses daily toward its consummation of 750 feet above the sidewalk. It is an architectural and an engineering marvel and something of which its inspirer and designer may well be proud.
In the steel framework and foundation of the structure there will be when finished so many thousands of feet of beams,

girders and posts, &c., that if placed end to end they would reach from New York to Chicago. Over this are thousands of tons of stone, and the building complete will represent a weight of nearly 82,000 tons upon the caissons. No strongly will it be secured to its foundation that even a tornado racing at the rate of 200 miles an hour would not disturb its stability.
And yet with all of its ponderous security a million and a half horse-power could raise the Woolworth Building pretty nearly as fast in a minute as one of its own quick moving elevators will be able to raise it by human hand. In other words, a million and a half of horse-power would lift the structure at the rate of 240 feet a minute, and in a trifle over three minutes would have it as high up in the air as its own apex. If instead of mechanical horse-power we utilized either men or horses we should have to employ 11,350,000 good strong men or 2,250,000 horses of the average capacity stated by James Watt more than a century ago. If the horses were hitched up twenty abreast, they would make a string reaching 253 miles, 1 ft. from New York to Washington and thirty miles beyond. If the men were pulling at the rope two abreast and as close

together as efficiency allowed they would make a double line covering the interval between New York and Tampa, Fla. Surely a million and a half mechanical horse-power is an amazing amount of energy, and still we can keep wondering at this force taken from the moving waters—only a small percentage of their latent useful power.
Adding Days to His Life.
From the Glasgow Herald.
A correspondent sends to the Herald a paradoxical problem which, he believes, originally appeared in Pictorial, "Chemical, Natural and Physical Magic," published some fifty years ago. Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. Fifty years after they both died, also at the same spot and at the same instant, yet one had lived 100 days more than the other.
The possible solution turns on a curious but very obvious point in astronomical calculation. A person asked round the world toward the west loses a day, a soldier toward the east gains one. Suppose, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly toward the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitant; and if the other sail equally toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of the one who stays at home. He will have seen 100 days more than the other.